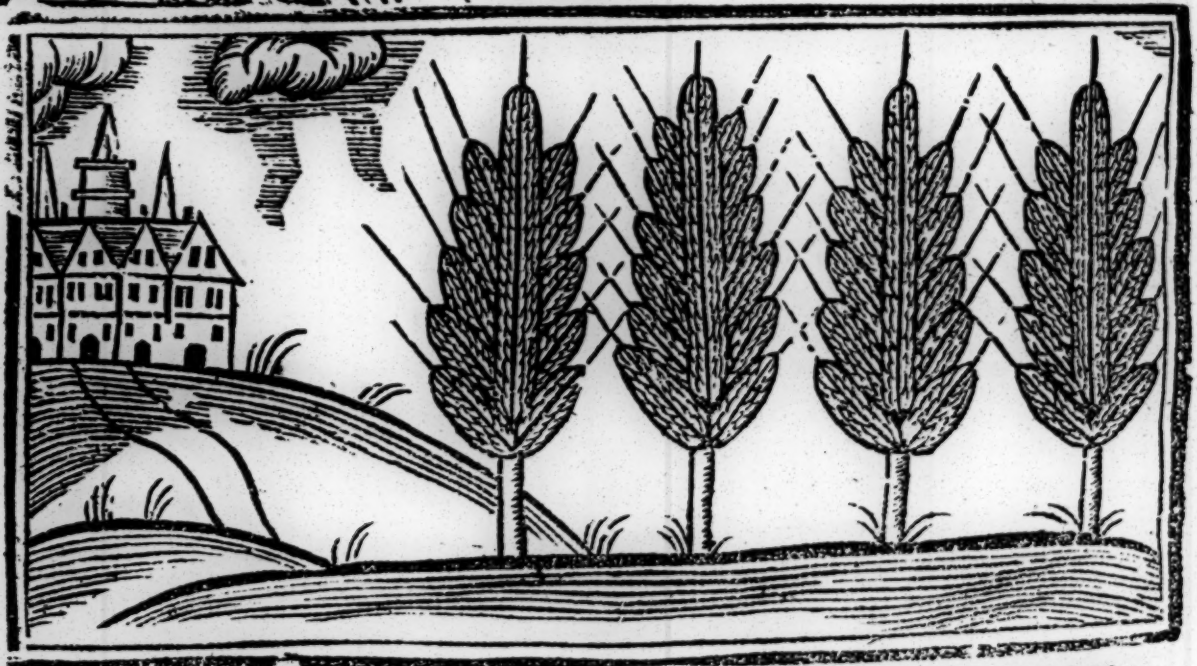


A New Wonder :

O R,
A strange and True Account from *Shrewsbury* of a Dreadful Storm, which happened on the 4th of *May* last, 1681. at or about Mid-night, which the people that heard it supposed to be Hail, but finding their mistake by the Day-light, were all possessed with Astonishment. The Truth thereof is attested by several of the place, as being Eye-witnesses of the Premises.

To the Tune of, *Troy Town.*



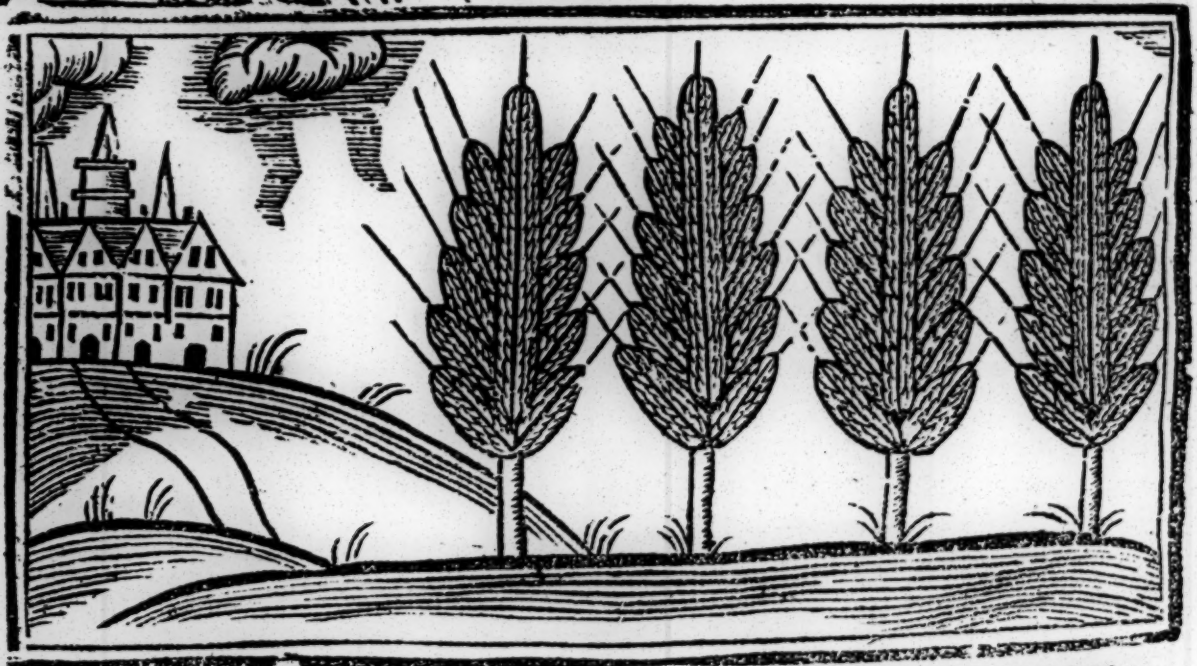
IT is well known for some years past,
Strange wonders we have often seen;
A Wonder very lately past,
more Strange in England hath not been:
Such Miracles let's keep in mind,
Lest we an Angry God do find.

Kind well my Lords, and you shall hear
a Wonder that is Strange and True,
Which did in Shrewsbury appear,
to the amaz'd Spectators view:
And in the dead time of the Night,
Which many hundreds then did fright.

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A mighty Storm of Hail, as they
did by the noise it made suppose;
For long time it went not away,
while Wonders in the hearers grows:
It clattered so against the Glasse,
That all that heard it troubled was.

But when the dawning of the day,
brought proof to their deceived ears;
That knew not what to think or say,
they more and more were fill'd with fears:
For that which Hail they thought to be,
Resembled Corn, they all did see.

Some looked White, and some lookt Red,
and some was of a sadder hue,
Some almost black, as it is said,
by those that did this Wonder view:
A Husk upon't there was likewise,
No humane Art could this devise.

And some that little patience had,
to try experience soon made haste;
Although their hearts were dull and sad,
they of this new come Corn would taste:
And trying if 'twas good to eat,
They said it was exceeding sweet.

And what this mighty wonder means,
there's none can tell but God alone;
'Tis he that sends things in extremes,
'tis he that makes such wonders known:
Then let our hearts to him incline,
He's good and just, and all Divine.

But doubtless all the Wonders which
we have in England lately seen,
Strange things portends to poor and rich,
although we know not what they mean:
O let us then for Death prepare,
Lest it doth seize us unaware.

How gracious is he that Creates
the World and all that is therein;
All kind of Cruelty he hates,
and still fore-warns us from our Sin:
But we like sinful Wretches bold,
Walk on in Sin as uncontroul'd.

No dreadful Signs of Blazing-Stars
can rouse up England to awake,
The fire, the Pestilence, nor Wars,
can make your Stubborn hearts to ake:
O England then in time Repent,
For fear you may too late Lament.

And though this Corn to some may seem
no dreadful Sign, mind what I say;
As none can tell what it doth mean,
to England it prove fatal may:
Let no Strange things forgotten be,
Lest they'r the last that e're you see.

And when a Dreadful Sign is sent,
without all doubt 'tis sure to give
All timely notice to Repent,
that they in peace may longer Live:
If of these Signs you take no care,
England I say, beware, beware.